

UNRELENTING.

I walked with my friend of an earlier time, whose guidance I strive to heed. Who checks my spirit that lightly climb. In praise of some modern deed. "There are no great men," he assures me oft. "Like those that we knew of yore; The senate and stage have completely drooped. The glories that once they wore. "The pictures they paint," says my mentor grim. "Are patches, devoid of art. And the girls are no longer demure and trim. Like the girls who ensnared my heart. And the tales we read and the songs we sing. Are reflections of other days; The halos which genius, extinct, may fling. O'er posterity's books and lays." So I thought to beguile him with other themes. And I spoke of the light that shone Where the west, aflame with the sun's last beams. Proclaimed that the day had flown. Unsmiling, to watch the scene he stood; Its radiance brought no joy. "It's fair," said he; "but it's not as good As they gave us when I was a boy." —Washington Star.

PINCKNEY MARSH.

BY GEORGE ADE.

He is the owner of a bootblack "stand." The stand consists of an old-fashioned arm chair placed on top of a bisected dry goods box. Both the box and the chair are studded with brass-head tacks and other ornaments, so that they resemble the dais and throne of a cannibal king's reception-room. Mr. Pinckney Marsh usually has the market page of a yesterday's paper tucked under the chair cushion, so that the customer may read while his shoes are being cleaned. Pinckney (the common abbreviation being Pink) has a corner reputation as an expert shiner. He gets the final polish by breathing heavily on all parts of the shoe, which is then attacked with a piece of red flannel. "Pink" has to be something of a contortionist in order to breathe on the heel of the shoe without disturbing the man in the chair, but he does it, and takes some professional pride in the accomplishment. Pink's shirt is a black and white study of trellises, with vines climbing up them. The vest is double-breasted, and was once polka-dot silk, but now the dots are mostly blurred away and the pockets have begun to ravel. His trousers are a black and brown check, and are worn thin at the knees and ragged at the bottom. The shoes are extremely pointed, two sizes too large, cracked across the top and protruberant at the heel. When Pink is dressed for the street he wears a double-breasted coat tightly buttoned, a spreading blue necktie that has been handled once or twice too often, a high white collar and a light brown hat with a high crown. Pink improves as you study him from the ground upward. His apparel might be judged as follows: Shoes—Utterly disreputable. Trousers—Shabby. Coat—Badly worn. Necktie—Showy. Collar—Splendid. Hat—Magnificent. What need to tell of the coal-black face, the broad flanged nose, the elastic mouth opening on teeth of pearly whiteness and the close growth of kinky hair? A song of passing popularity tells that all members of the Ethiopian division "look alike to me." Pink is one of a thousand—that is, so far as mere appearance is concerned. When it comes to a consideration of the higher being, the sure-enough ego, Pink is different. He sees things from his own standpoint, and there is room for no one else on his pedestal. In walking, and especially while indoors, he allows his foot to shuffle, so that the movement is a slow dance step. He seems to be keeping time to music which only the rapt and colored soul may hear. Pink leaves all the conversation in the barber shop. Whether the barbers be discussing the immortality of the soul, the heavy-weight championship, proposed tariff legislation or things to eat, Pink says something entertaining. The barbers like him and pity him. They are men who have given much study to public questions. For instance, chair 5 for a solid hour one day last week, the question under consideration being: "Did Fitz foul Sharkey?" It follows that men who are fountains of useful knowledge must pity a colored porter and bootblack such as Pink, who knows comparatively nothing about the tariff. At the same time they like him and enjoy his observations. It is a historical fact that men whose minds are intent for hours at a time upon intricate problems find rest and relaxation in frivolous talk. The barbers can afford to patronize Pink occasionally, never forgetting, however, that there is a social gulf between a barber and a "brush." Perhaps Pink does not fully appreciate these fine gradations of

rank. If he did, he would be more cast down in spirit and have a better opinion of the barbers. As it is, the humility which is his stock in trade is merely an outward pretense.

Only the other day he said, in a confidential talk with the morning customer: "Listen at 'em toss that language! Ain't they wahn? If you wan' know a thing, jes' you come to these boys an' ask. If they don't know—no use to look in them cyclopedes. It ain't theah—couldn't be."

"They're up on everything, eh?" "Oh-h-h, wise—wise boys. Cong's couldn't tell them boys nothin' 'bout how to do it. No, sah, they ah sut'ny wahn potatoes."

"Mistah Johnson, tu's me loose. Got no money, but a good excuse; Oh, Mistah Johnson, I wis't you would. Oh-h-h—"

"A new song?" asked the morning customer.

"Ain't it wahn?" "Who's Mister Johnson?"

"Mistah Johnson, he's a coppah. He come in on a small game o' craps, an' that's what the cullud fellow's ah singin' to him at the box."

"Does that song relate to one of your own experiences?"

"No, seh—me? I nevah got 'rested—fo' rollin' craps—no, seh."

"What was it you got arrested for?"

"Who said I got 'rested?" "Oh, you never were arrested, ah?"

Pink's elastic mouth widened, and he laughed so hard that he had to stop work.

"Look heah, man, who's been tellin' you 'bout me?"

"Oh, you have been arrested?" "I got 'eh once, but it wuzn' no craps, no seh—nothin' like that."

"Chickens?" "W'y, say, look heah, mistah, somebody been paintin' me bad to you. No, seh, they done it to me fo' wha' the judge called dis-obdiahly."

"How 'bout it? Were you disorderly?"

"Them 'at could remembah what happened give in bad tes'mony. I had to dig fo' six dollars to keep out o' that big black wagon. No, seh, I do' wan' no moah o' that. Say, I sh'wah fo' a month afoah that ev' time I see a coppah."

"You'd been drinking, hadn't you?"

"Yes, seh, tha's wha' done me hahm—wuz oil o' dist'ubance. I do' wan' no more to do with them coppahs an' blue wagons an' judges. I been good since then, suah. A cullud man sut'ny can't beat that Ha'ison street game."

"That's right," said the morning customer. "Be virtuous and you will be happy."

"What is that 'spression? Say it ovah. Be—"

"Be virtuous and you will be happy."

"Be vuhchus an' you will suahly be happy. Tha's it, huh? I sut'ny will use that on my Deahbo'n street frien's. Yes, seh, I'll jes' brush you a few an' then you ah sut'ny all right. An' time, mistah, you wan' throw that ovahcoat 'way you jes' throw it at me. Ten—yes—tha's the propah 'mount. Good day, seh. Have I got it—Be vuhchus an' you will sut'ny be happy? Yes, seh. Thanks—good day, seh."—Chicago Record.

ENGLAND'S COLONIES.

None of Them Contribute Toward the Maintenance of Her Navy.

With colonies in every part of the globe England is peculiarly vulnerable to attack, and the weakest and smallest possession must receive as great attention for defense and protection as the strongest and largest. Toward the maintenance of the navy no dependency contributes, and the entire cost is borne by the people of the United Kingdom, says the Bangor Commercial.

The same condition applies to countries other than England which have been reaching out for colonial empire. In no instance is the dependency of sufficient weight to be allowed to control its foreign relations, on which peace or war so largely depends. The first cost of empire, therefore, is involved in the expense of a navy, and that this is true the annual expenses of the navy may be compared with the territorial expenses to be protected. Germany has entered upon colonial enterprise more recently than France, and its possessions are of less extent, yet its navy costs each year nearly \$18,000,000. France, with two and one-half times the extent of colonial territory, approximately \$49,000,000 for the same purpose. The United Kingdom spends less proportionately in naval expenses, but is obliged to expend \$70,000,000 a year, and is in perpetual fear lest its naval efficiency fall below a strength necessary to cope with the ambitions and jealousies of the other powers.

If Italy and Russia be included the total expenditures in an ordinary year on this arm of the service are \$200,000,000, and in an extraordinary year, under the influence of

a war scare, half as much again may be appropriated to build up and equip new ships, a measure which involves additional expenditures in many directions.

A similar estimate of the cost of the army would give an even greater sum. For every dollar annually spent on the navy three are expended on the army, and the five powers named pay out for the services \$600,000,000 each year. Of this one-half may be considered as necessary for home defense and to cover the educational advantages incident to the system; the other half may be set down as the requirements for imperial defense.

COCONUT DAY.

The East Indian Ceremony of Conciliating God Neptune.

Cocoanut day—the conciliation of Neptune—has just been celebrated in India. God Neptune is a most important deity, and it is always advisable to keep him in good humor. There is no saying otherwise how his friend Varuna may blow the monsoons. The cocoanut day, of course, marks the subsidence of god Neptune's playfulness, when the hoary deity made some fun by leading the "floating palaces" of the humans a nice little dance on his frisky waves.

We set about god Neptune's propitiation in right royal style. Brahmins, of course, come in as the pivot of the affair. We all of us—unless we are too old, or sickly, or lame, or too much engrossed in self-admiration—repair to the seashore, taking with us a lot of materials of worship, as an offering to the water deity. We move some distance into the water, the Brahmin stands in the middle and recites hymns, and we, surrounding him, respectfully offer our cocoanuts, and flowers, and milk, and sugar-candy, and fragrant powders to the sea god. One supreme honor still remains behind, and we render it. We make lights, and wave them before the pacified divinity! Most of us formerly used to throw the cocoanuts right into the sea, but as the Brahmins took them up and made them their own, we now, in order to save trouble to the holy men, give them straight into their hands.

In Kurrachee and other ports they throw the cocoanuts into the sea, where Mussulman boat people get hold of them, and sell them later to the Bunnies in the bazaar, whence they come back to us as edibles.

These Mohammedan boat-wallahs are expert swimmers; and though the little Arab fellows at Aden and Port Said, we are told, perform some marvelous feats of diving, in bringing up silver coin thrown to them, their Moslem confreres of the Indian ports are not less expert in personal navigation. Once our offerings to the deity are made, it matters not to whom they go. So it is perfectly indifferent to us whether the Brahmin youngsters eat the cocoanuts, or Moslem boat people collect them in boatfuls!

There is no particular reason why cocoanuts, of all nuts, should be offered to the water deity. Any other fruits too may be offered. Only the cocoanut is the tropical fruit par excellence, and as it is preeminently "watery," we imagine god Neptune may just fancy it better. But we do not simply give the cocoanuts to the Brahmins, we accompany them with some money present. Nothing can be given to the Brahmins unless her majesty's coin accompanies the gift. But they eminently deserve it, on some occasions. In ceremonies in which ablutions or any sort of "water-taking" comes in, we do the thing and pass on. But the Brahmins remain constantly in the water, ministering to every succeeding batch—which means standing several hours together in wet. And yet they never develop bronchitis! I suppose it is a case of adaptation to the spiritual environment.—Times of India.

Aristotle and Zoology.

Zoologists regard Aristotle as the founder of their science, although the scientific classification of the animal world was not made until the time of Linnaeus, who in 1741 divided the animal kingdom into six groups. The classification of animals into four divisions was made by Cuvier in his great work: "The Animal Kingdom," published in 1816.

—Tourist—"How in the world do you manage to shoot a man when you are too intoxicated to stand up? I don't see how you can preserve your accuracy of aim." Rubber-neck Bill—"It is easy enough when you know how. When you get to seein' a party double, you just shoot between 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tender Hearted.

Landlady—"You look at that coffee as if you'd like to throw it out of the window."

Edward—"O, no, I never abuse the weak."—Detroit Free Press.

—The science of physiognomy dates from the writings of Lavater, who was born in 1741 and died in 1801.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1896.

ASSETS.		INCOME.	
Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$32,021,426.97	Premium Receipts.....	\$36,089,357.71
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages.....	26,082,242.94	Cash received for interest and from other sources.....	8,921,700.67
United States Stocks, State Stocks and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1896, (market value over cost \$2,796,862.63).....	118,077,465.06	Income.....	\$45,011,058.38
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1896, \$14,738,055).....	11,723,700.00	DISBURSEMENTS.	
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosures and office buildings.....	16,670,386.37	Death Claims.....	\$12,380,249.00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	11,262,939.63	Matured and Discounted Endowments.....	1,096,193.21
Balance due from agents.....	632,687.20	Annuities.....	410,793.31
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	518,896.58	Surrender Values.....	3,582,301.09
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection.....	2,578,037.00	Matured Tontine Values.....	2,041,970.20
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection.....	2,200,155.00	Dividends paid to Policy-Holders.....	2,425,932.61
Assets Dec. 31, 1896.....	\$216,773,947.35	Paid Policy-Holders.....	\$21,937,439.45

We hereby certify that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1896, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1896. The Real Estate belonging to the Society has been appraised by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and is stated at the reduced valuation as shown in the official report of the examination of the Society, dated July 9, 1896.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.
ALFRED W. MAINE, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing policies, calculated on a 4 per cent. standard, and all other liabilities \$173,496,768.23

Surplus on a 4 per cent. standard \$43,277,179.12

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. Dividends will be declared, as heretofore, on the basis of a 4 per cent. standard.
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